

# SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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## THE DEMOCRATS REGISTERED.

The democrats are well satisfied with the result of the first registration for a city primary Monday though they did not spare any efforts to see that all possible stragglers were lined up for the second day of registration Tuesday. Various estimates of the percentage of the democratic vote that is now recorded on the books were made, most of them ranging around ninety per cent, or better. This indicates two things—spontaneous interest in the coming campaign and a widespread appreciation of its importance, and second, the fact of a good organization working well and unitedly.

To some people the word "organization" has come to have a harsh sound, and to be co-related somewhat with "machines" and "bosses". And yet no conspicuous success has ever been secured or maintained at any time by any political party without an organization.

There might indeed be cases, and undoubtedly are, at long intervals when the general sentiment of any community is aroused at blood heat and every voter in the community is so deeply impressed with the importance of an issue that he doesn't need any organization to spur him to his duty.

No organization was needed to reply to Lincoln's first call for troops when Ft. Sumter was fired on, or to McKinley's when the Maine was sunk. But in these plain times of peace when the issue at stake is the more or less prosaic one of a business-like economical city administration, an organization is necessary to all parties.

Some of the best intentioned men will forget to register. Organization means keeping a poll book in each precinct and a list of the members of the party as they file in to the registration or voting booth. It means following up the late comers as the hour of closing nears or checking up those who have failed to put in an appearance and jogging their memory by telephone or messenger.

It means getting the vote out. Knowing where the members of the party are to be found and reminding them of their duty to the city, which business cares, household worries, or any one of a thousand things may have driven out of their minds.

Organization means that the big majority of the party is so much interested in a certain result that they work together with splendid precision and team work to accomplish that end.

Organization at Washington means a congress in which several hundred men from every part of the country, of every shade of opinion, moved by countless influences, subject to a hundred sources of pressure, work together, subordinating petty differences, approximating the greater ones to bring forth a currency bill or a tariff bill that will meet the expectations of the country as a whole.

The democratic party has learned the value of organization, of working together, from top to bottom. Next year we elect an entire new house of representatives and one-third the membership of the senate. Democratic success in South Bend this fall will help democratic success in the district and the state next fall.

A party election, be it for president or mayor, is equally a call on the membership of the party to stand together and work together for the common good, for the underlying principles that have brought these millions of men from Portland to Portland together under the broad banner of democracy—rule by the people.

## DEVELOPMENTS OF THE TARIFF LAW.

In the flood of things to occupy the attention of the public during the consideration of the tariff bill many interesting details were unavoidably overlooked. One by one these are now coming to the surface in the application of the law.

In our editorial of Monday morning in the interpretation of the new law the discovery of surprises was fore-shadowed. Already one has developed. It pertains to the construction to be placed by the treasury department on the provision allowing a five per cent rebate on imports shipped in American bottoms. The question has been raised as to how far this cause will conflict with existing treaties. It will be the duty of the treasury department to discover.

It is difficult in the multiplicity of laws and treaties to prevent one from overlapping on the other. That is where it becomes necessary to interpret and construe the meaning of the new law, as to whether it repeals an older law or abrogates an existing treaty, or as to whether its enforcement may be so modified as not to interfere. The treasury department and a legal advisers are apt to have a busy time until they succeed in straightening all the entanglements.

Few, perhaps, had noticed that the present president of the United States and members of the supreme court are exempt from the income tax, these exemptions were not made as personal favors to Pres. Wilson and the present incumbents of the supreme bench. The contingency was provided for when the constitution of the United States was adopted.

The constitution provides that the president shall receive a "compensation" which shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected. It adds that the judges shall receive a compensation which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office. This exempts Pres. Wilson for a first term, but should he be re-elected he will be subject to the income tax, as will his successor, and then new judges of the supreme court are appointed their incomes will be fixed.

No other officials are thus exempted from the constitution through the provision that their compensation shall not be changed during their terms of office. The constitution provision as the compensation of the president and the supreme court judges was seen and the phraseology of the same tax section made to conform hereto.

## A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

It took Thomas Mott Osborne, chairman of the New York state commission on prison reform just one week to convince himself by personal experience that "the prison system is singularly unintelligent, ineffective and cruel." Mr. Osborne sentenced himself to an indeterminate term in the Auburn

prison and found it necessary to remain only one week to confirm his belief that radical reforms are necessary to make prison discipline intelligent, humane and effective. He came out of Auburn Sunday morning a sadder, wiser and physically depleted man. He had shared the cell life of the convicts, broken bread with them and incurred their punishments by voluntarily committing offenses against the prison rules.

Tentatively Mr. Osborne makes these specific complaints against the prison system.

The prison system is a form of slavery. It takes from the convict his own initiative and freedom of action and he becomes an irresponsible automaton, unable to guide his own destiny when he returns to the outside world.

The system inevitably tends towards making punishment for small offenses the same as for great offenses.

It attempts to drive prisoners from the normal uses of their senses of sight and speed.

These complaints were made by Mr. Osborne immediately on his emergence from the prison when he was in neither mental nor physical condition to give them the emphasis and elaboration which he will attach to them later. They are sufficient in their present form, however, to show that the prison system as exemplified at Auburn is at variance with the modern reform idea.

From the instances quoted the system may well be designated as unintelligent, inefficient and cruel. Fortunately Auburn is not a model for other prisons. More humane rules and customs have been introduced in other prisons and the investigation by Mr. Osborne will help improve conditions at Auburn. In this progressive age no system can stand against such damaging charges.

The modern idea is that offenders are sent to prison to be taught the error of their ways and for the protection of the public while their reformation is in progress. The question of punishment is practically eliminated except so far as confinement is a penalty. The minor offender and criminal are believed capable of learning better ways of living and are held until they do, subject to the limitations of their sentences.

## IMITATING PRIMITIVE MAN.

A Boston artist has proved beyond question that primitive man had nothing on the modern type in the matter of his ability to feed and clothe himself by primitive methods. He went into the Maine woods naked and without arms or implements of any kind sixty days ago and has come out clothed, well fed and supplied with all necessary utensils for preserving life in a primitive state.

The experiment was interesting and valuable to the extent that someone might find himself involuntarily in the predicament in which the Boston artist placed himself and the value would then be discounted by the individual's lack of adaptation. The Boston ar-

tist was a skilled woodsman, versed in the methods of the trapper and hunter. He made weapons of flint and killed sufficient game to provide food and clothe himself in deerskins. In this respect he is perhaps one person in ten thousand. The great majority would die of starvation or exposure or both. The limit in resources of the average individual would be to pick a few berries, which might sustain life for a short time. He knows nothing about plant life, or the habits of the animals and birds of the wild. There would be an abundance of food about him without a bite to eat.

It would not be prudent for the average individual to attempt the experiment without a rescue party near at hand ready to respond to the first call for help.

Those who envy the leisure hours of the farmer may be surprised to learn that his average work day is 9.65 hours long. In the days of the farmer's grandfather the day was 13 to 16 hours long. To this extent the farmer has been emancipated by modern machinery.

Pres. Wilson was not so cold blooded that he failed to go to the hospital and comfort the little boy who was run down by his motor car by assuring him that he would not lose his job.

Henry Burke, the "Spencer" of the Rextroat tragedy, may not be the demon he professes to be, but he is sufficiently a demon to make his future care and custody a matter of prudence.

Ripping plumage from women's hats is another way the customs officers have of showing them that they are not privileged characters except in their own homes.

Now that Uncle Sam's attention has been called to lottery gambling in Porto Rico he will regard it his duty as a high moral force to suppress it.

It is encouraging to learn from the federal bureau of labor that the working conditions of men and women are improving. There is ample room.

Sen. Morris is authority for the statement that the currency bill will create a great political machine. It seems impossible for these old political machinists to see anything but cogs.

And Mr. Barnes intimates that Col. Roosevelt lied when he said that he lied. But why should we worry?

Forget to register? Too bad your estimate of the value of your citizenship was so low.

Perhaps flies are less dangerous now than in hot weather, but the weather will not always be cool.

How the Mexicans get the money to buy the ammunition to kill each other with is becoming a mystery.

## MARRIED LIFE THE FIRST YEAR AFTER THE HONEYMOON

By Mabel Herbert Usher.

Warren hung up his coat and hat and came in with brisk cheerfulness. "I say, Helen, wouldn't you like to go to the theater? Bob Carter sent me some passes today."

"The theater? Why, I couldn't take the baby."

"Well, I rather guess not. And I couldn't leave her."

"Why not?"

"Why, she's too little."

"Nonsense! Marie can take care of her tonight."

Helen looked doubtful.

"You haven't been anywhere for months," he assured her stoutly. "If you do a world of good. Let's have dinner early and go."

"Oh, now, don't begin to find excuses. It will do you good, I tell you. It's time you were getting out some."

It ended by their hurrying through dinner. Helen dressed while vacillating between her room and the nursery. She gave innumerable instructions to Marie about the baby. She gave minute details as to what to do or not to do—covering every possible emergency.

To all of them Marie murmured her solid "Yes, ma'am; yes, ma'am."

"Now, don't forget to keep this door closed; if it gets too warm you can turn off the radiator."

"Yes, ma'am."

"You know the right milk—the bottle on the lower shelf of the ice box. That other bottle is yesterday's—be sure and don't get that."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And stir it up carefully before you warm it—the cream on top must be well mixed."

"Yes, ma'am."

## NOGGS IS TAUGHT MANY NEW TRICKS BY THIS 15-YEAR-OLD LEADING LADY



MARY GLYNN AND NOGGS.

Here you see pretty Mary Glynn, who plays the part of leading lady at the Comedy theater in London.

She is 13 years old. That's pretty young to be playing the principal part in a play, isn't it?

On the stage she seems quite grown up. No one would think she ever wore her hair down her back or ROMPED and PLAYED!

But that is where Mary tricks the public! As a matter of fact, "Lady Noggs" as she is called in the role she now plays, spends just as much time as she can playing.

Some afternoons, when she isn't studying or rehearsing, she gets a whole group of smaller children around her and then announces a game.

"We'll play hide and seek this afternoon," she says immediately the children get ready. Some one blinds her eyes and the fun begins. Mary is an athlete as well as an actress and she can run with the best of them. Other days, when she doesn't feel like helping the younger children make merry, she goes into the garden and teaches her pet dog new tricks.

This Irish terrier was presented to her when he was only a week old. She named him "Noggs," after the title of her role in the play.

He is as clever as she can be and learns very fast!

He sits up, jumps through a hoop, runs to find a ball or stick when thrown into the air and does many other cunning tricks.

Mary Glynn and "Noggs" are firm friends!



Thank the Lord I have my work! In the mighty world of toil I can share the weight and irk Of the labor and the moil; I'm a worker, not a drone; Sweet and wearisome I've known, Through the goodly years I've been Toiling with my fellow men. Pudding, poet, boss and clerk— Thank the Lord I have my work!

Thank the Lord I have my work! Ever near to serve my turn, Refuge from the cares that lurk And the woes that sear and burn; Fate may wear her grimest mask, Love be lost—I have my task; Life is hard—I'll see it through; There is work for me to do; Toil shall light the dreary murk; Thank the Lord I have my work.

ly got off and after half-past when they reached the theater. Helen insisted on stopping to leave their name and the location of their seats with the man at the ticket window.

"And if anyone should telephone—you will send the usher for us at once?" she demanded anxiously.

The man nodded indifferently and led them stumbling down the aisle.

"Third row of the balcony—nothing down stairs."

Helen turned away reluctantly. "Oh, do you suppose he will remember—seemed to pay so little attention. Hadn't you better speak to him again?"

But Warren dragged her on impatiently. "Can't you see how late we are?"

The theater was darkened and the curtain went up as they entered. The usher finally took their tickets and led them to the balcony seats.

Their seats were in the center of the row and half a dozen people had to be disturbed before they could be reached.

The men stood up, the women, with ill-concealed impatience, clutched at their hats on their laps, and drew back their skirts.

"This comes of your making us late," Warren whispered angrily. "Having to crawl all over those people!"

"Hush-sh-sh, dear, don't," laying a conciliatory hand on his arm.

Just then a very pretty girl rushed on the stage and Warren's attention was for the moment diverted.

After the first act, while Warren was trying to figure out the characters on the program, Helen asked anxiously:

"Don't you think that you'd better go out and see if she has telephoned? I don't think that the man paid any attention to what I said. Perhaps if you'd ask him if there has been any message?"

"Crawl over those people again? Not if I know it!"

"But, Warren, suppose she has telephoned—suppose something good has happened? Marie's a new nurse girl you know, and I don't feel quite—"

"Well, what on earth could have happened—we haven't been gone forty-five minutes! Here, do you want a drink?" as the boy came by with the glasses of water in a wire basket.

Helen shook her head. She told herself that, perhaps, she was foolish to worry about the baby—but somehow she couldn't help it.

"Not a bad show," Warren commented easily. "That man's a duffer, but the girl is good!"

sit through another act without knowing my baby's all right."

"Why did you come then—if you want to be flying to the 'phone every five minutes?"

"Well, I'm damned sorry I did—if it is going to be like this."

"Now, don't—please don't be cross! It's the first time I left her and you know I can't help being anxious."

In the end he went, apologizing to the people over whose laps he stumbled, and who glared at him coldly.

He returned just as the bell buzzed for the curtain.

"Well?" she whispered eagerly.

"They didn't answer."

"Couldn't get any answer to the 'phone?" she asked.

"No, guess the nurse girl has gone to sleep. That means the baby's asleep, too."

"Oh, something dreadful has happened—that's why you didn't get an answer to the 'phone! My baby may be kidnapped for all you know." She was gathering up her wraps from the back of the seat. "I'm going home now—do you think I can sit here when I don't know where my baby is?"

The curtain went up here and he caught her arm and held her firmly in his seat.

"You are going to stay right here. If you haven't a particle of common sense—I'll have to have it for you, that's all. Now you're not going nowhere until the end of this play."

There was a note of finality in his voice that Helen had learned it was useless to combat. But to her the half hour of that last act seemed an eternity.

She had her hat on before the curtain fell, and was making her way out before the crowd was fairly on its feet. Warren followed frowning grimly. But unheeding him, she pushed her way through to the nearest side exit. Ordinarily her sense of economy kept her from taxicabs even when Warren suggested them, and now she turned to him with a permanent frown.

"Get a taxicab—it will be quicker."

With a grumbled comment about "all women being fools," he motioned to a cab across the street.

She rushed into the doorway, there was Marie sound asleep, her hand resting on the chair and with the baby also asleep in the crib beside her.

After a long breathless look, Helen

## THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

WOODROW WILSON sitting at the bedside of the lad who fell under the wheels of his motor car was not the president of the United States, but just the plain, untitled man with the regret that he had been instrumental though blamelessly, in causing pain to any fellow creature and sympathy for the victim of the accident.

It is more to his credit that as a man he should go to the boy's bedside and speak words of sympathy and encouragement than that as president he might have sent a messenger to inquire after the welfare of the boy. The truly great are those who do things in the simplest and most natural and human way.

### What Did You Order?

(Laporte Herald.)  
My, but isn't the Rumely hotel nice! I should say it is. It's nice just to look at the interior or exterior. Isn't it fine when lighted up at night, the dining room looks so choice and the rooms and the outside illumination.

PINNING plumage to hats doesn't alter the character of the plumage, in the estimation of the customs officers. Women who wish to evade the customs laws must devise some means of establishing a personal relation to their feathered finery to get it through.

### The Parting of the Ways.

(Huntington Herald.)  
F. A. Grappy has gone to Martinsville for ten days, and will return Wednesday to visit.

CONFESSING to 17 murders at one sitting makes the penal laws read like the rules of a Sunday school union.

Sir: My husband is a republican and I think I will be one too when we women can vote, but we are very democratic in our ways. Not, however, to the degree of the woman at the public market who tasted the Dutch cheese and put the spoon back in the jar.

W. E. S.

### Sticks to Home Remedies.

(Kendallville News-Sun.)  
Home remedies are said to be oft-

en the best. We were advised to take Cascarets for a cold, but after glancing over the political pages of Fort Wayne newspapers got quicker results. It's rather nasty to take but acts quickly and permanent relief is assured.

"YES, I killed Mrs. Rextroat, and if you hadn't got me tonight I would have croaked Mrs. Scofield tomorrow."—Harry Spencer's confession, imagine Mrs. Scofield's feeling of relief.

The electric score boards show quite clearly the minor features of the ball game, but we shall miss the hoarse, wolflike demand for the umpire's life.

### Were You at the Lake Last Summer?

(Culver Citizen.)  
A bachelor friend of ours says the reason so many girls and women dress as they do is to draw attention from their faces. Judging from some of the examples we have seen in Culver the past summer we can hardly blame him.

MISS MARIE CORRELL has accepted a position as clerk at Fresh's store in Huntington, and if she had another "I" we might think Marie was gathering material for another of her well known "works."

IF Maxine's new noise absorber is successful in neutralizing the effects of the man who whistles at his work we can safely predict a big demand for it.

Why Babies Refuse to Be Born. (Logansport Pharos-Reporter.)  
The first baby in the average Logansport family gets a ring, a silver rattle, fine clothes and a warm reception. The fifth is lucky if he gets a box of talcum powder.

WITH the failure of the chicle company, which furnished the foundation for the chewing gum industry the cost of the product is likely to increase.

IN which event we may anticipate a subsidence of loud but not unusual noises.

C. N. F.

turned to find Warren standing in the door behind her.

"Oh," she laughed, tremulously. "Oh, dear, I guess—I guess I am a little fool."

"Hm," he grunted, "have you just found that out?"

### THE NEW SLOGAN.

By Joseph E. Davis, U. S. Commissioner of Corporations.

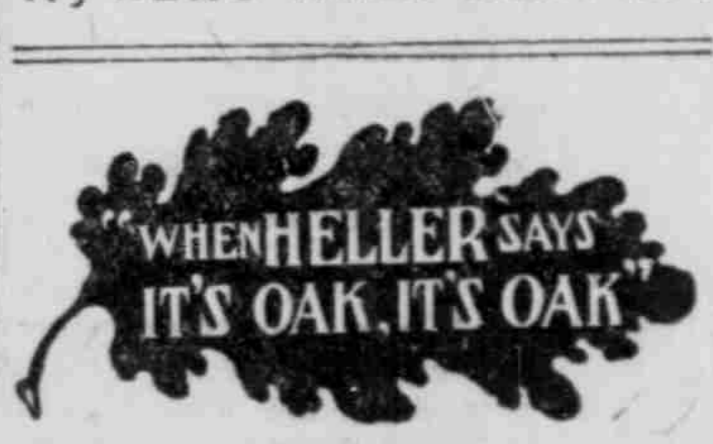
It is absolutely incumbent upon the business men of this country to find that in a life of service there are compensations which money cannot bring. I believe that a new era is soon coming in the industrial life of the world. The standard of "How much does he do for his fellow men?" must replace the old standard of "How much money has he got?"

In this new era the men who are at the head of big industries will find greater satisfaction in the knowledge that they have laborers in their employ, whose conditions and standards of life are clean and tolerable, whose children are being raised like the chil-

dren of men and not like those of inferior beings, than in the mere satisfaction of accumulating wealth.

I oppose as a fallacy the contention that tremendously increased capital and monopoly of wealth are a necessary process of evolution, for I am certain we are masters of our own destinies and that economic destinies can be regulated and deflected by law.

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